

CDC
COWBOY WESTERN

COWBOY

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

WESTERN

No 53



10¢



WILD BILL HICKOK



JESSE JAMES



ANNIE OAKLEY



THRILLING WESTERN ACTION WITH **WILD BILL HICKOK.**
JESSE JAMES • ANNIE OAKLEY AND OTHERS

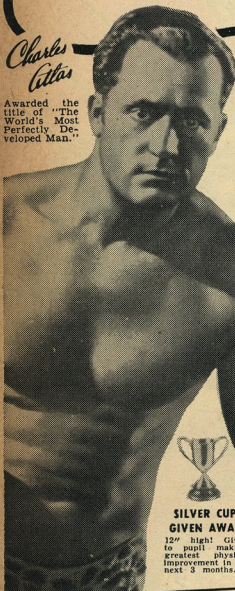


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GIVEN AWAY**
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*Charles
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I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

at a sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"**DYNAMIC TENSION!**" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

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FREE Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength**." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "**Dynamic Tension**" has done for others. answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 325L, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



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COWBOY WESTERN

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WILD BILL HICKOK

ROY WROTE STRANGE IN HIS LETTER, LAURA. LIKE HE WAS ALL A-JITTER ABOUT MEETIN' ANN MERRILL AND AFRAID OF SOMETHIN'. IT'S UP TO US, LAURA, TO EASE THE SHOCK SOMEHOW OF ANN'S NOT BEIN' HERE.

WHEN THE CIVIL WAR WAS OVER, A MAN WAS NO LESS A HERO BECAUSE HE HAD FOUGHT FOR THE CONFEDERACY. AND SO, IN A SMALL WESTERN TOWN A COUPLE WAITED FOR ROY ARNOLD'S RETURN. THEY ARE LAURA MOLLET AND WILD BILL HICKOK...

I'D DO ANYTHING FOR ROY. BILL, WHY DID HE HAVE TO FALL IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE LIKE HER?



ANN, ANN, ARE YOU THERE?

GOOD GRIEF, THE BOY'S BLIND! PRETEND YOU ARE ANN. TRY AND PUT IT OVER.

I'LL TRY!

ANN, OH ANN, IT'S REALLY YOU.

OH... ROY.

AND BILL HICKOK, I BET. YOU OLD SON OF A GUN!

YEP, IT'S ME. AN' LISTEN HERE, ROY, ANN'S BEEN UP ALL NIGHT WAITIN' FOR YOU SO DON'T TALK TOO MUCH AND LET HER REST.



COWBOY WESTERN

WHY DIDN'T ANN SHOW UP, POP?

SHE WENT OFF WITH JOE DUTCHER, THE RANCH SUPER BILL. SEEIN' THAT ROY TURNED HIS SPREAD OVER TO HER, IT'S SINFUL!



WHEN THE PARTY REACHED HOME...

I HOPE I CAN FIND ANN BEFORE ROY GETS ON TO OUR TRICK.



HANK CATALDO WILL KNOW. ASK HIM. HE'S FRIENDLY WITH DUTCHER, MORE THAN I LIKES TO SEE.

HOWDY, HANK. WOULD YOU KNOW WHERE I COULD FIND ANN MERRILL? Y'SEE, ROY'S BACK.

YEAH, IT JUST SO HAPPENS I DO. SHE HEADED OUT CANYON GULCH THIS MORNIN'.



CANYON GULCH WAS A TWO HOURS RIDE, EVEN FOR WILD BILL HICKOK'S LIGHTNING STEED, SO HE TOUCHED HIS ROWELS TO THE HORSES SIDE... WHEN SUDDENLY...



WOW! SOME-ONE'S LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE.

ON'Y THING I HATE WORSE THAN A SNIPER IS TWO SNIPERS!



OW! YA GOT ME, HICKOK. DON'T FIRE NO MORE, PLEASE!

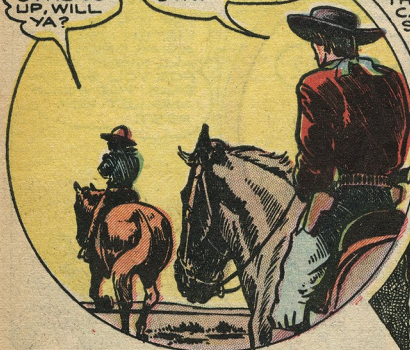
COME CLEAN, AND GIVE ME THE TRUTH!

I WAS IN CATALDO'S OFFICE WHEN YA COME, HICKOK. HE SENT ME ON A SHORT CUT AND OFFERED ME MONEY IF YA DIDN'T REACH CANYON GULCH.



YA WON'T HAVE ME STRUNG UP, WILL YA?

THAT'S UP TO THE SHERIFF, SON.



LATER AT THE OFFICE OF GEORGE RIKER, MARSHAL OF CANYON GULCH...

THIS KID SAYS CATALDO SENT HIM TO PUT A SLUG IN ME BUT I DON'T KNOW...

YA GOTTA BELIEVE ME! I HEARD HIM SAY HE DIDN'T WANT HICKOK TO TALK TO ANN MERRILL.

THE KID MIGHT BE RIGHT, BILL. JUST NOW I'M HOLDIN' ANN MERRILL FOR THE MURDER OF JOE DUTCHER!



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NOW THINGS START TO TAKE A SHAPE. DO YOU MIND IF I TALK TO ANN?

NO, GO AHEAD. I'LL STAY HERE AND TALK TO THIS KID SOME MORE.



HOW COULD YOU GET MESSED UP LIKE THIS, ANN, KNOWIN' ROY WAS COMIN' HOME? WHAT'S WRONG? IT'S NOT LIKE YOU

OH, BILL, I DIDN'T KILL DUTCHER. YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

LET'S HEAR ABOUT IT! I'M ANXIOUS FOR IT TO BE RIGHT, Y'KNOW ROY CAN'T SEE... AN' SO FAR HE KNOWS NOTHIN' ABOUT DUTCHER.

ROY BLIND? OH I TRIED TO RUN THE SPREAD BUT THINGS WENT BAD... CATTLE DIED, RUSTLERS STOLE STOCK. WHEN I WAS DESPERATE CATALDO GAVE ME A MORTGAGE.



WELL THINGS GOT WORSE. I COULDN'T MEET PAYMENTS. JUST BEFORE CATALDO WAS GOING TO FORECLOSE, DUTCHER OFFERED TO BUY ME OUT, SO IT WAS GOING TO BE THAT OR NOTHING.



BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE TO KILL DUTCHER.

PLEASE WAIT BILL. I WENT TO CANYON GULCH WITH DUTCHER. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET HIS LAWYER THERE IN THE HOTEL ROOM, BECAUSE DUTCHER SAID HIS LAWYER HAD TO RIDE IN FROM THE COUNTY SEAT.... BUT WHERE IS THE LAWYER? IF HE DOESN'T COME SOON I'M GOING TO CALL EVERYTHING OFF AND LET ROY HANDLE IT WHEN HE GETS HOME.

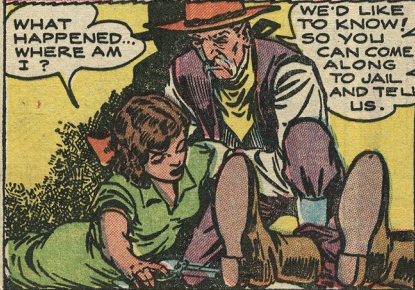


KNOCK KNOCK



AGGHHH EEE

"ONE OF THEM STRUCK ME. WHEN I CAME TO, MARSHAL RIKER WAS THERE AND I HELD THE MURDER GUN IN MY HAND. THE HOTEL OWNER CALLED HIM... I'M SURE IN TROUBLE."



WHAT HAPPENED... WHERE AM I?

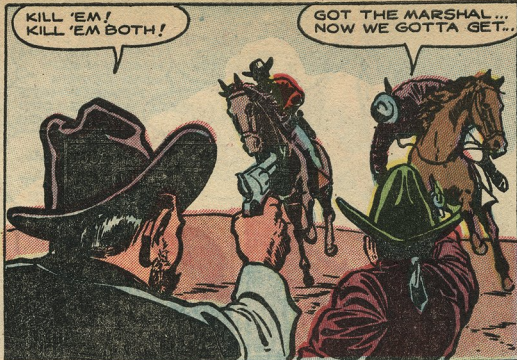
WE'D LIKE TO KNOW! SO YOU CAN COME ALONG TO JAIL AND TELL US.

SUDDENLY... BILLY THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOIN' ON. CATALDO'S WAITIN' OUTSIDE TOWN TILL THE KID BRINGS WORD YOU'RE DEAD!



PUT HIM IN A CELL, GEORGE, WE'RE GOIN' OUT TO MEET CATALDO.

COWBOY WESTERN

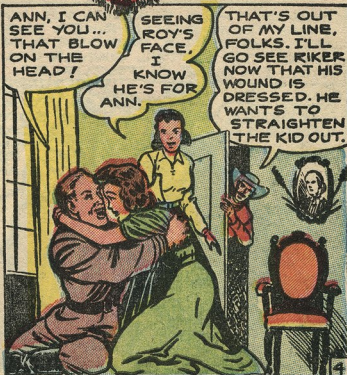


I WANTED ROY'S SPREAD AN' DUTCHER DOUBLE CROSSED ME...HAD HIM BUMPED OFF AN' FRAMED ANN MERRILL...WAS GONNA FORECLOSE MORTGAGE AN' TAKE OVER.

AT THE RANCH

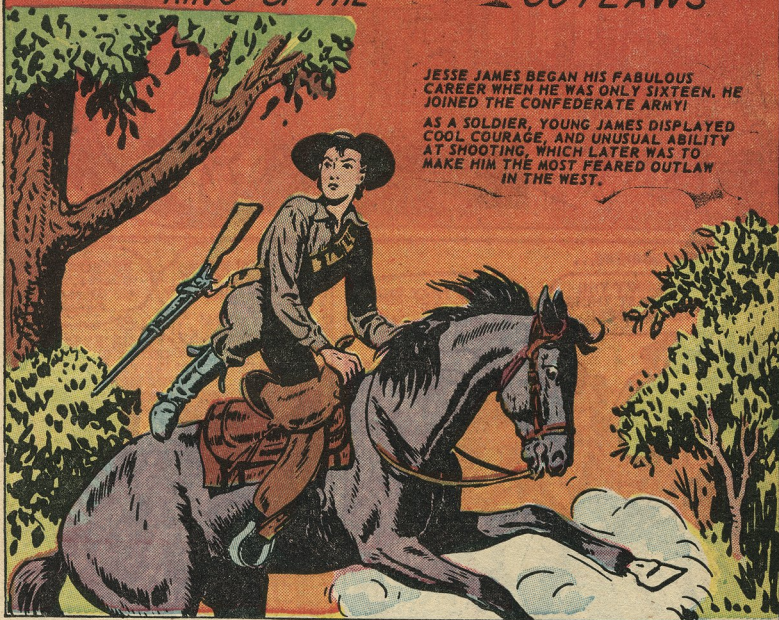
FUNNY, BUT YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE ANN... YOU'RE LIKE LAURA...

OH, GOT, I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU... ANN DOESN'T LOVE YOU, AND I DO, ROY.



JESSE JAMES

KING OF THE OUTLAWS



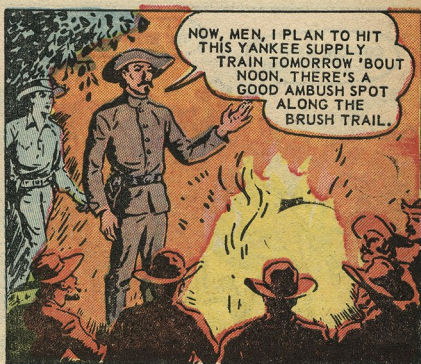
JESSE JAMES BEGAN HIS FABULOUS CAREER WHEN HE WAS ONLY SIXTEEN. HE JOINED THE CONFEDERATE ARMY!

AS A SOLDIER, YOUNG JAMES DISPLAYED COOL COURAGE, AND UNUSUAL ABILITY AT SHOOTING, WHICH LATER WAS TO MAKE HIM THE MOST FEARED OUTLAW IN THE WEST.



AH'M JESSE JAMES UP FROM CENTERVILLE. WHAR' CAN AH FIND CAP'N BILL ANDERSON HEAD A' THIS OUTFIT?

THERE'S A COUNCIL GOIN' ON.. RECKON YA' BETTER GIT IN.



NOW, MEN, I PLAN TO HIT THIS YANKEE SUPPLY TRAIN TOMORROW 'BOUT NOON. THERE'S A GOOD AMBUSH SPOT ALONG THE BRUSH TRAIL.

COWBOY WESTERN

HERE'S WHAR' WE'LL PUT THE MARKSMEN, AND WHEN THAT SUPPLY TRAIN REACHES THIS 'X' WE'LL ATTACK. THE HORSEMEN WILL COME FROM ROCKS BELOW 'EM, NEAR THA' ROAD, AN' FINISH OUT THE JOB!

THE MARKSMEN WILL THEN MOUNT. AN' WE'LL ALL MAKE A QUICK AN' EFFICIENT ESCAPE. THAT'S ALL, MEN. SLEEP WELL. BE READY EARLY TOMORROW.



EARLY, NEXT MORNING...

IF THIS AIN'T THE DAD-DINGEST THING I EVER DID SEE!

SAY, IS THAT THA' STRONGEST LANGUAGE THAT RECRUIT KNOWS?



DON'T YA' KNOW THA' COLT AIN'T BEEN WEANED YIT? YA' KAIN'T EXPECT IT TA' TALK MAN-TALK YET!

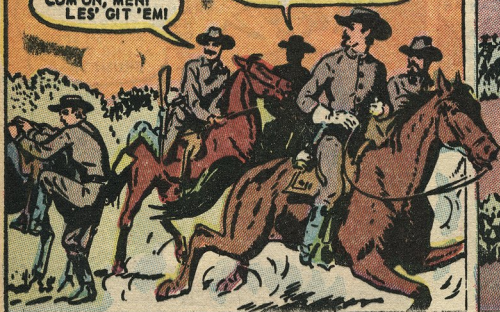
RECKON HE' BEEN RAISED UP ON MAMA'S FARM!

BLUE EYES GOTTA BE KERFUL A' HIS TALK.. HA..HA.. WE'RE MIGHTY BOYS!

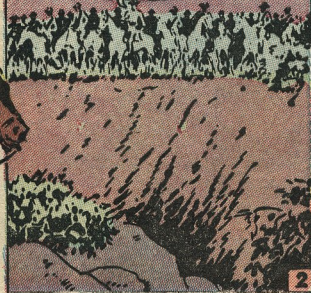


COM'ON, MENI LES' GIT 'EM!

YA' WITH US, DINGUS?



TAKE YOUR STATIONS, MEN. WE WILL PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN.



COWBOY WESTERN

DINGUS! HOW'D AH EVER DESERVE THIS. AH WON'T EVER GIT TA' SEE A SINGLE ONE A' THEM YANKEES UNTIL THEY'S ALL DAID. WHIST AH COULD'A BEEN A YEAR...JESTA YEAR OLDER. AH'D SHOW 'EM!



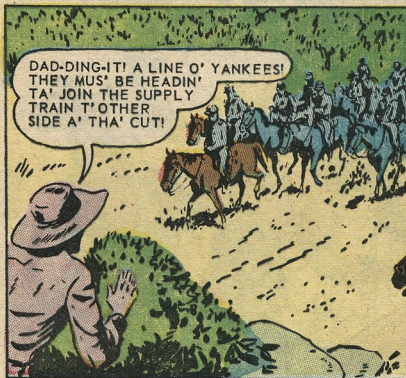
SAY, THIS HERE WATER IS RUNNIN' MUDDY OF A SUDDEN. THEY'S ONLY ONE REASON FER THEY! SOMETHIN'... 'ER SOMEONE... IS CROSSIN' UPSTREAM!



MAYBE IT AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT AH BETTER JEST CHECK FER SURE... AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHUT KIN HAPPEN IN A WAR WITH THEM YANKS SNEAKIN' UP ON US!



DAD-DING-IT! A LINE O' YANKEES! THEY MUS' BE HEADIN' TA' JOIN THE SUPPLY TRAIN T' OTHER SIDE A' THA' CUT!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE SOUTHERN CAPTAIN LAUNCHED HIS ATTACK ON THE SUPPLY WAGONS... WITH REBEL YELLS AND GUNFIRE.

SOUNDS LIKE AN ATTACK! COME ON, MEN—OUR COMRADES NEED US!



THERE AIN'T TIME TO WARN MY SIDE OF THESE NEW YANK TROOPS, THEY'LL ALL MAYBE BE ON THA' ROAD AN' THA' SHARPSHOOTERS ON THA' WAY TA' THEIR HORSES...

THEY'LL BE CAUGHT BY SURPRISE AN'... AH JEST GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' MA' SELF, AN DO IT QUICK! COM'ON, HOSSI!



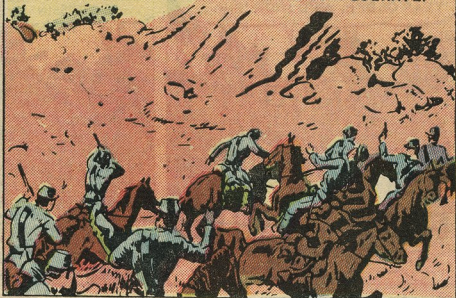
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SECONDS LATER

WHOA, HOSS!
I GIT OFF
HERE!

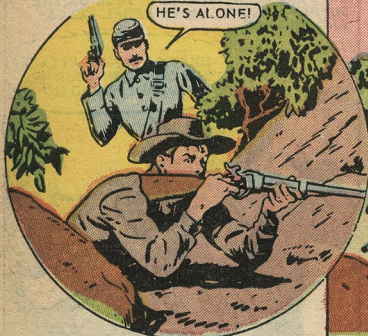


CAREFULLY PICKING OFF ONE YANK SOLDIER AFTER THE OTHER, JESSE THROWS THE UNIT IN A PANIC. THOSE NOT HIT ARE TURNING THEIR HORSES BACK, AWAY FROM THE MURDEROUS FIRE ON THE LONE CONFEDERATE!



ALONE, JESSE IS TOO BUSY TO SEE...

HE'S ALONE!



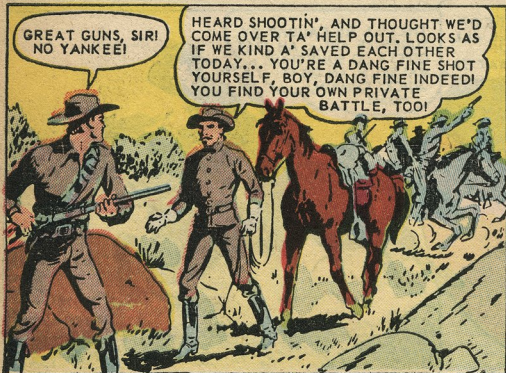
JUST THEN...

WELL, I DE-CLARE! I FIND
A YANKEE SOLDIER
TAKING A FANCY
TO DINGUS!



GREAT GUNS, SIR!
NO YANKEE!

HEARD SHOOTIN', AND THOUGHT WE'D
COME OVER TA' HELP OUT. LOOKS AS
IF WE KIND A' SAVED EACH OTHER
TODAY... YOU'RE A DANG FINE SHOT
YOURSELF, BOY, DANG FINE INDEED!
YOU FIND YOUR OWN PRIVATE
BATTLE, TOO!



YA' GOT WHUT IT TAKES, TA'
GO A LONG WAYS. MATTER OF
FACT, YA'RE ALREADY THERE.
IT'LL BE A MAN'S SHARE OF TH'
FIGHTIN' YOU'LL DO...
'OFFICIAL'... FER YOU FROM
NOW ON, CORPORAL DINGUS!



COWBOY WESTERN

BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW --

"TURN OVER A NEW LEAF"

YUH HEARD ME, BASIL! IF YUH DON'T GET THESE HYAR LEAVES OUTTA HERE BEFORE MORNING, I'M AGONNA LOCK YUH UP! THEY'RE FLYING ALL OVER THE STREET!

BUT, SHERIFF, I'M WORN OUT FROM WORKING IN THE MINES ALL DAY! I CAN'T START RAKING LEAVES NOW!

THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING, LITTLE ARROW! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



WELL, YUH BETTER! THESE LEAVES HAVE GOT TUH BE OUT OF HERE BY MORNING!

O.K., SHERIFF!



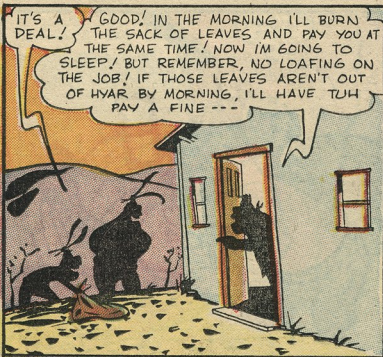
IF YOU LIKE, WE CLEAN LEAVES AWAY FOR SOME WAMPUM!

SAY, THAT WOULD BE GREAT! I'LL GIVE YUH A COUPLE OF BUCKS! ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS PUT THEM IN A SACK!



IT'S A DEAL!

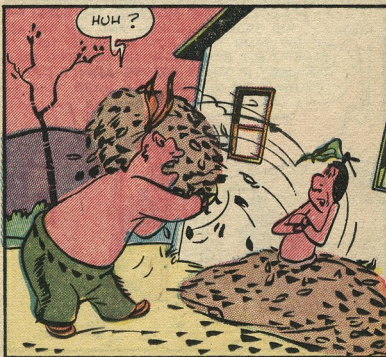
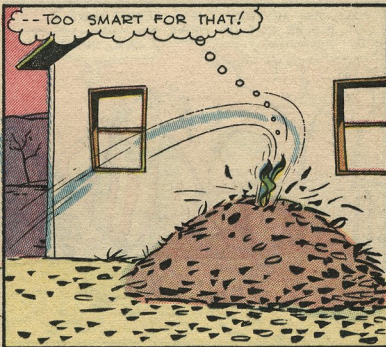
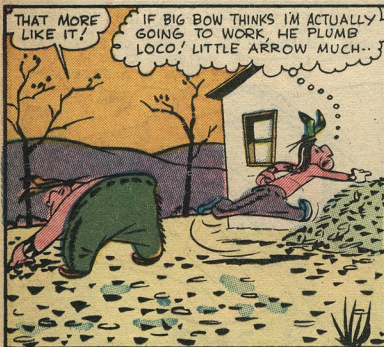
GOOD! IN THE MORNING I'LL BURN THE SACK OF LEAVES AND PAY YOU AT THE SAME TIME! NOW I'M GOING TO SLEEP! BUT REMEMBER, NO LOAFING ON THE JOB! IF THOSE LEAVES AREN'T OUT OF HYAR BY MORNING, I'LL HAVE TUH PAY A FINE ---



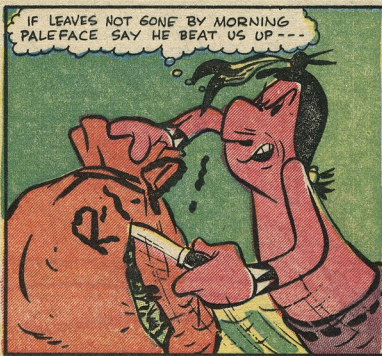
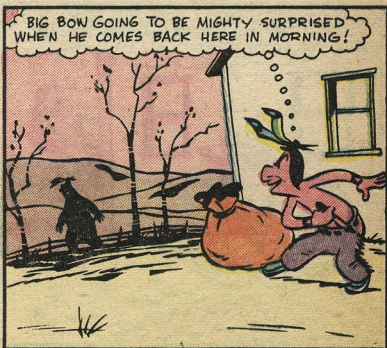
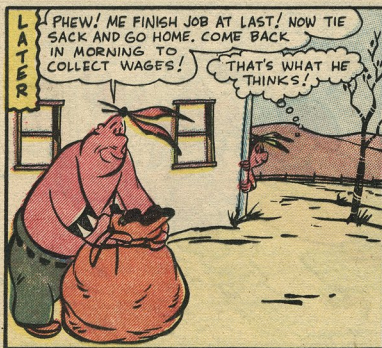
---AND YUH'LL HAVE TUH PAY FER HOSPITAL BILLS! YUH'LL HAVE THEM AFTER I GET THROUGH BEATING YUH UP!



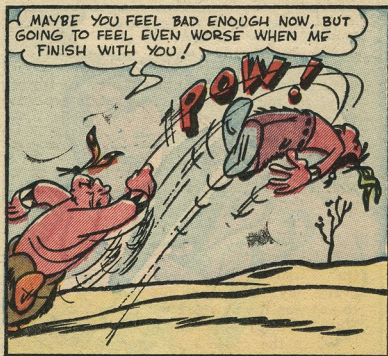
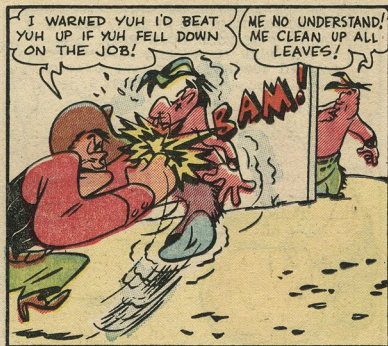
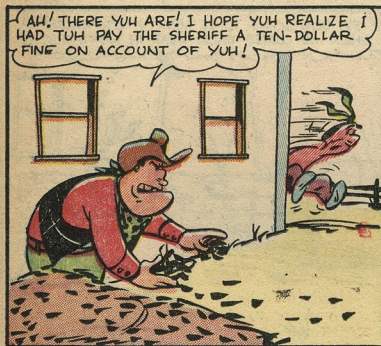
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RODEO TERROR



ONLY ONCE BEFORE had Red Roan been captured—and that was after the great wild stallion had been mauled by a bear, and was unable to flee to safety!

This time, Red Roan had been cunningly trapped, driven into a cul-de-sac by a party of determined wild horse hunters. It had taken the hard-riding cowboys more than an hour after that to round him up in a pocket of the arroyo—and after that many fruitless efforts before they finally put their ropes on him. At last, however, the scarlet stallion was a prisoner . . . held by half a dozen taut lariats . . . his ears flattened back, his eyes rolling wildly.

"What do yuh plan to do with the roan?" a grizzled cowboy asked Sledge Marsden.

The big rodeo owner slowly rolled a cigarette, his eyes considering the wild horse king. His powerful fingers rubbed his cleft jaw before he replied.

"I'm taking him along on the rodeo circuit," Marsden answered. "Folks everywhere have heard of this horse. Red Roan, king of the wild broncs. They'll come out in droves to see him—and to ride him!"

"To ride him?" the cowboy muttered. "But he's as ornery as nitroglycerine! He won't let yuh near him!"

"That's right!" Sledge Marsden agreed. "So I'll be safe in putting up a \$500 reward . . . to the rider that can stick with him! Folks'll show up from fifty miles around to see what happens. Red Roan'll be a sensation! I'll call him The Rodeo Terror!"

That was the way it started.

Marsden joined his rodeo at Butte City, with Red Roan hobbled in a trailer. At Butte City, he put up huge display posters advertising \$500 for the man who could ride his new horse, The Rodeo Terror! A big crowd turned out the first afternoon. When the first rider to drop from the chute onto Red Roan got bucked off in three seconds, they roared thunderously!

"Worse than a cage o' wildcats!"

"Nobody'll stick on that big red hoss!"

For the remainder of the Butte City show, the Marsden Rodeo played to a full house every day! But what the customers came to see was the new red bucking bronc—The Rodeo Terror—that no man could ride!

When the rodeo hit Lamar, and Prairie and Indiantown, crowds lined the street for the rodeo parade. When it came time for

the local riders to challenge Marsden's prize bucking horse, the excitement grew. But always the story was the same.

No rider could stay on Red Roan for the required ten seconds.

For, coupled with his natural fury and strength, his speed and agility, Red Roan had now learned cunning. When he found riders dropping down on him who had legs of steel, who seemed to stick to him like glue, the wild horse learned new tricks to buck them off. He learned to sunfish, to hump his back so it seemed to form an upside-down V, to slam furiously against the board fences of the rodeo arena, even to fling himself on the ground so that the frightened rider would be forced to jump clear!

Along with these tricks, the scarlet stallion learned hatred for the first time.

He hated the spurring, hard-handed stubborn riders who were determined to stay on him—and whom he bucked off every time. But more than them, he detested big Sledge Marsden, the man who held him captive. He saw Marsden's cruelty toward the rodeo stock, watched him beat other animals, and cheat other men.

Whenever Marsden came near him, Red Roan reared back, hoofs ready to lash out. The two respected and feared each other.

ONE DAY, the rodeo came to the town of Larrabee.

After the parade, Red Roan munched oats in his stall. Suddenly, he seemed to scent something familiar. It was a man-smell, but it was not hateful! The stallion's nostrils searched the air, and his great dark eyes looked through the fence rails.

There, talking to Sledge Marsden, was another man. Suddenly, Red Roan recognized him.

It was Rob Raeburn, the man who had taken the roan horse to his ranch months before when Red Roan had been crippled by the bear. He was the only human who had ever made friends with Red Roan—and who had finally released him. Red Roan whinnied softly, and his ears strained for the sound of his friend's voice.

"Marsden, I've come to collect," Raeburn was saying. "You've owed me that feed bill for the last year and I need the money now!"

Husky Marsden grinned stonily.

"Five hundred dollars, you say, eh, Raeburn?" He shook his head. "But I always did business with you for cash! Paid you off right on the spot! I don't owe you a cent. Or leastways, you can't prove that I do!"

IT was true, Rob Raeburn reflected bitterly. He had trusted Marsden when he had supplied him with feed for his stock. He had listened to the rodeo man's plea of being unable to pay and he had not demanded any security or I.O.U.'s. Now Sledge was pretending that he owed him nothing and was refusing to pay! He clenched his fists.

But, standing a good-half head over Rob, Marsden slipped his hand toward the Colt slung at his hip. He smiled slit-eyed at the rancher. Raeburn realized that it was no use. By picking a fight with the unscrupulous rodeo man he would only get in trouble with the law . . . or worse!

Then, for the first time, he saw Red Roan standing in his stall, watching him. He heard the horse's low whinny. At that moment, he recognized Red Roan.

He turned back to Sledge Marsden, and indicated the scarlet stallion with his thumb.

"Is that your Rodeo Terror?" he asked. "The one we've been hearing so much about?"

"He's the one," Marsden said. "I'm paying \$500 to the first man to ride him ten seconds. But nobody's done it so far. Why? Do you want your neck broken? Everyone's free to take a crack at riding him!"

"I'm not much on riding wild broncs," Rob Raeburn said slowly. "But . . . maybe I'll take a chance . . . just this once . . ."

IT WAS THE MORNING of the big Larrabee rodeo. A huge crowd had swarmed to the arena. They came for the trick-riding, the calf-roping, the clowns, the wild-bull-riding, but mostly they came to see the Rodeo Terror, the horse that no man could ride.

Contestant after contestant came up against the big red horse, and was flung sprawling to the arena turf. Shouting and catcalling, Larrabee had seen nothing like it!

Then, the last volunteer stepped up to the chutes.

It was slight, wiry, Rob Raeburn.

Scowling, Sledge Marsden leaned over the corral fence. "Going to take a try at him

after all?" he shouted. "I'm warning you, Raeburn, he'll snap you in half like a twig!"

The slender rancher smiled. He climbed to the top of the chute, saw the heaving, sweat-streaked body of Red Roan waiting beneath him. "Maybe he will," he said, "and maybe he won't." Carefully, speaking soothingly, he hand patting the roan horse's neck, Rob let himself down on Red Roan.

At once, whacking the stallion's rump with his rope, Sledge Marsden flung open the arena gate.

Out came Red Roan in a mighty lunge! The crowd roared. Then it suddenly grew still. For Red Roan had remembered. This man, the man on his back, was the only friend Red Roan ever had—the only human he had ever trusted! Trembling, ears still back, Red Roan stopped bucking, skidded to a gentle walk, and then stood still in the center of the arena.

The seconds ticked away as the crowd watched in amazement.

From the fence, Sledge Marsden shouted furiously, "Buck, blast yuh! BUCK!"

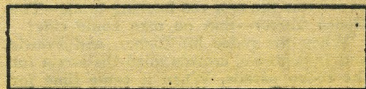
But Red Roan stood stock still. In a few moments, the buzzer sounded, and the crowd roared tumultuously. For, however it had happened, Rob Raeburn was the first man to have stayed on The Rodeo Terror for ten seconds—and he won a prize of \$500. They cheered uproariously as the scowling Marsden paid the young rancher off in the center of the arena.

SLEDGE MARSDEN never knew just how it happened. Nor did he ever exactly know how Red Roan escaped that night. He was sure that he had locked the scarlet stallion up securely in his stall. But, when morning came, the gate hung open, and Red Roan had disappeared. His tracks led straight toward the desert sand, toward the hills where his wild horse herd waited.

No one else ever knew how the great horse had escaped. No one, that is, unless you include the stallion himself—or a certain young rancher whose initials were the same as Red Roan's.

To Rob Raeburn — "A bargain was a bargain!"

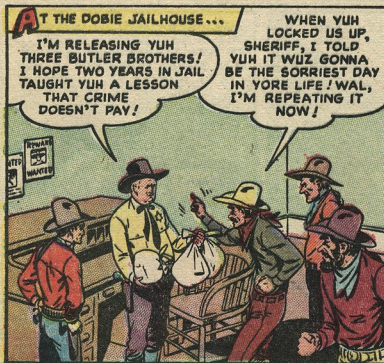
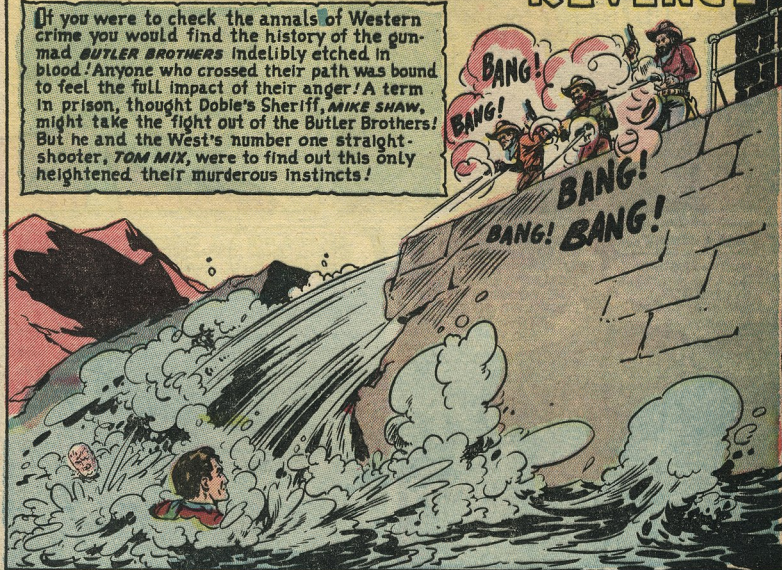
THE END



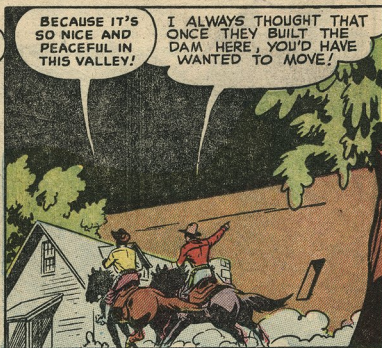
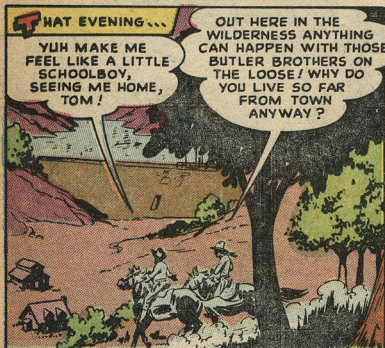
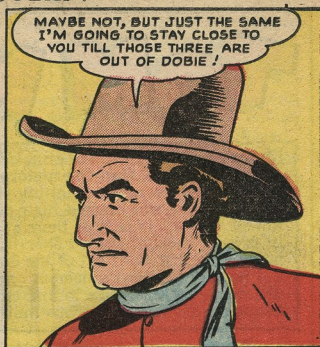
TOM MIX

and the INFAMOUS REVENGE

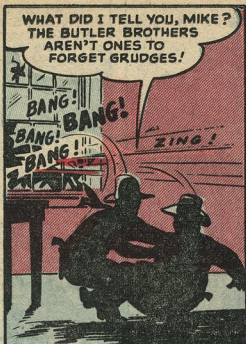
If you were to check the annals of Western crime you would find the history of the gun-mad **BUTLER BROTHERS** indelibly etched in blood. Anyone who crossed their path was bound to feel the full impact of their anger! A term in prison, thought Dobie's Sheriff, **MIKE SHAW**, might take the fight out of the Butler Brothers! But he and the West's number one straight-shooter, **TOM MIX**, were to find out this only heightened their murderous instincts!



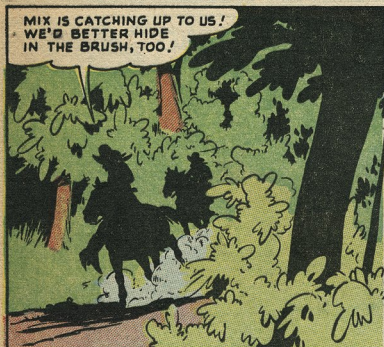
COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

I'LL GET YOU TO A DOCTOR LATER! RIGHT NOW I'LL SET YOUR LEG SO AS TO RELIEVE THE PAIN!

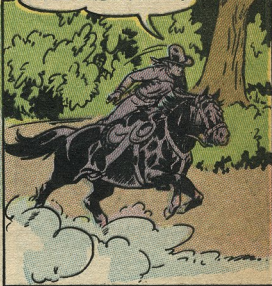
THANKS, MIK! I'LL TELL YUH EVERYTHING! IT'LL SERVE MUH BROTHERS RIGHT FER LEAVING ME HERE!



DICK AND FRED HAVE HIDDEN BACK TO THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE! THEY'RE GONNA KNOCK HIM OUT AND LOCK HIM UP IN THE HOUSE! THEN THEY INTEND TO CAPTURE THE GUARD IN THE DAM TOWER AND RELEASE ALL THE WATER SO IT'LL OVERFLOW AND FLOOD MIKE'S HOUSE!



DIG DIRT, TONY! IF WE DON'T GET BACK IN TIME, THOSE CRAZY BUTLER BROTHERS WILL DROWN MIKE!



MEANWHILE.....

THE SHERIFF PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT THE TWO OF US WERE TOO MUCH FER HIM, ESPECIALLY WHEN WE CAUGHT HIM OFF GUARD! BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHY WE JUST DIDN'T SHOOT HIM!

SHUCKS, THAT WOULD'VE BIN TOO QUICK A DEATH FER HIM! THIS WAY HE'LL GIT A NICE LINGERING DEATH... DROWNING!



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER AT THE DAM TOWER.

NOW NO NOISE, FRED! WE WANT TO KETCH THE GUARD AFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO REACH FER HIS GUN!



CONK!

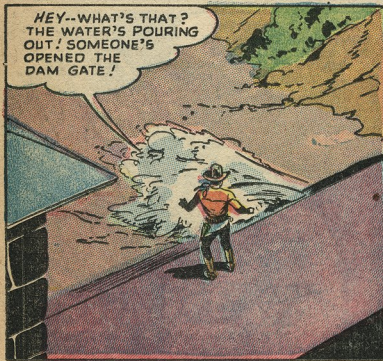
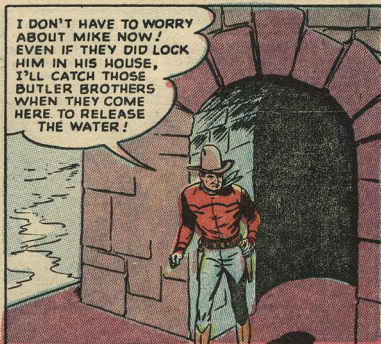
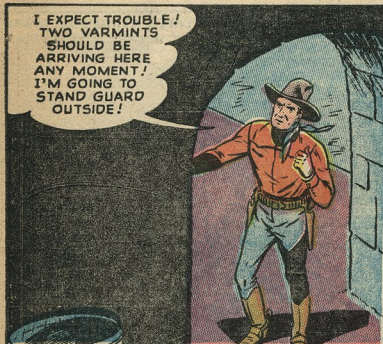
THAT DID IT! NOW LET'S THROW HIS BODY INTO THAT BARREL OVER THAR!



LET'S GIT UP TO THE CONTROL ROOM SO WE KIN RELEASE ALL THE WATER IN THE DAM!



COWBOY WESTERN

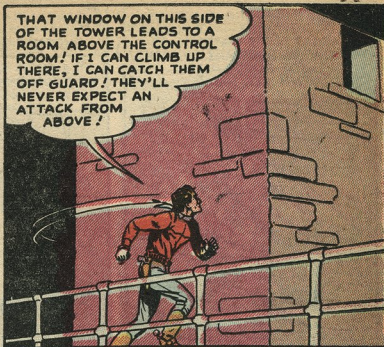


COWBOY WESTERN

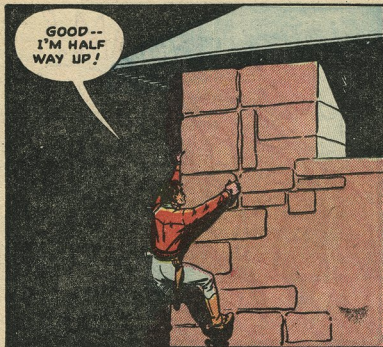
FROM WHERE THEY ARE
I MAKE A PERFECT TARGET!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUTSIDE
AND FIGURE OUT SOME
OTHER WAY TO REACH
THE WATER CONTROL
TOWER!



THAT WINDOW ON THIS SIDE
OF THE TOWER LEADS TO A
ROOM ABOVE THE CONTROL
ROOM! IF I CAN CLIMB UP
THERE, I CAN CATCH THEM
OFF GUARD! THEY'LL
NEVER EXPECT AN
ATTACK FROM
ABOVE!



GOOD--
I'M HALF
WAY UP!



MADE
IT!



BUT AS TOM STARTS TO CLIMB
THROUGH

(GULP!)
I LOST
MY GRIP!



AND MIX CRASHES HEAD FIRST
TO THE FLOOR, KNOCKING
HIMSELF OUT!

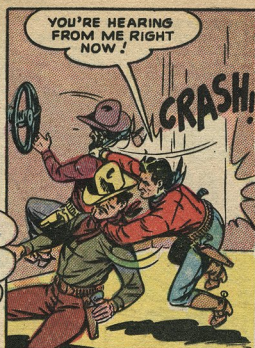


MEANWHILE, MIKE SHAW HAS
REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS...

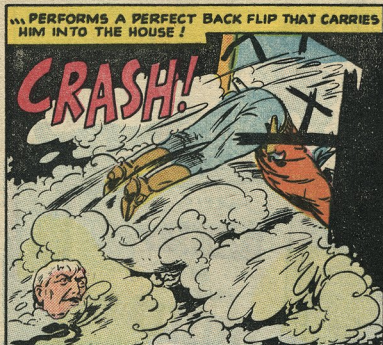
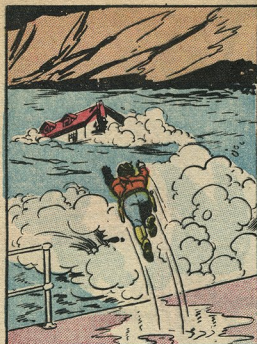
MY HEAD MUST
STILL BE SPINNING
"ROUND! I KEEP
IMAGINING THE
HOUSE IS FLOATING
ON WATER!



COWBOY WESTERN

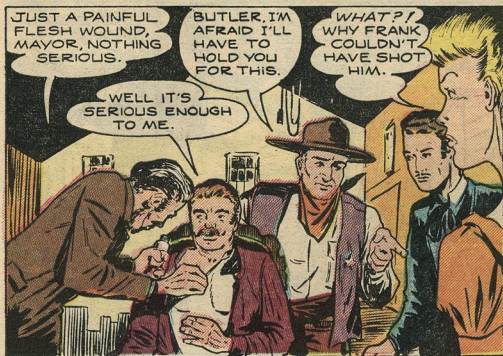
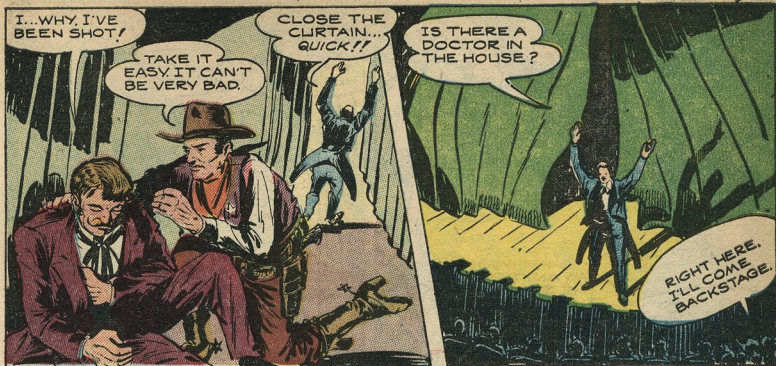


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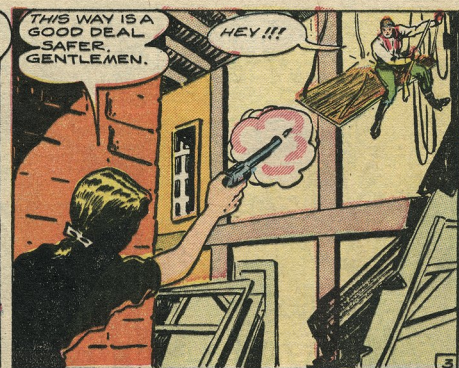
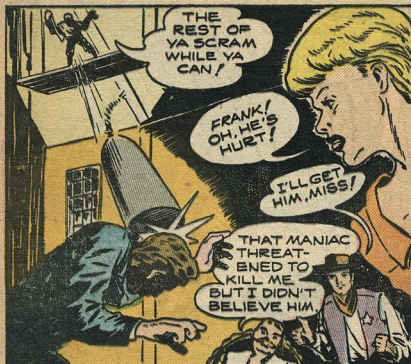




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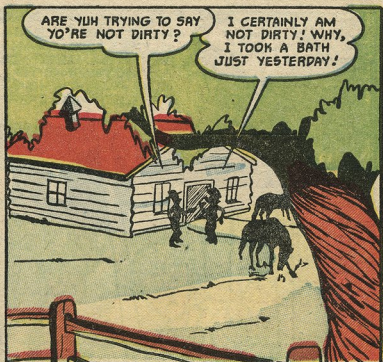
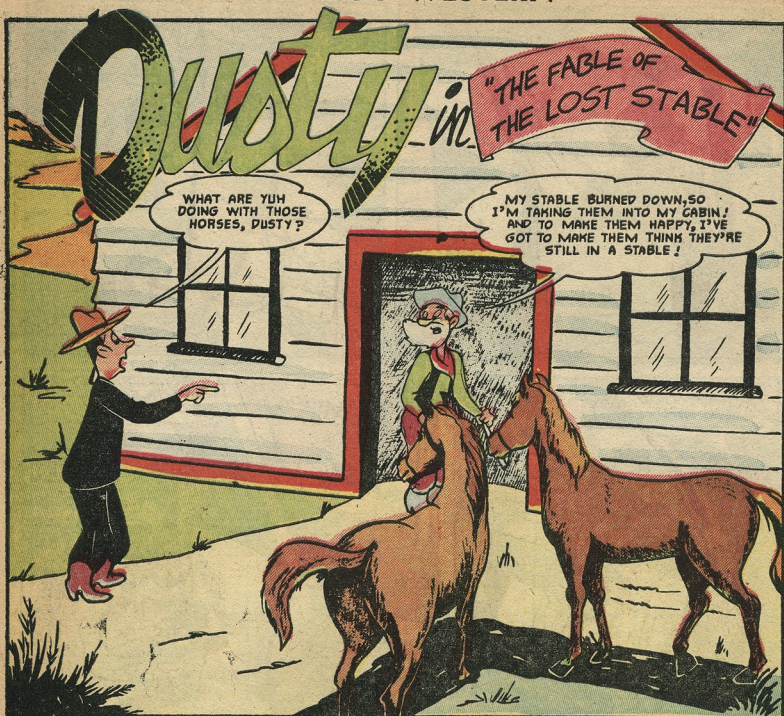
COWBOY WESTERN



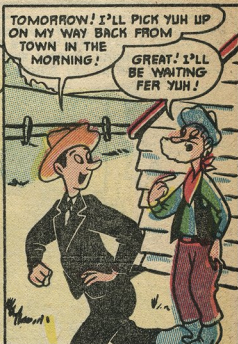
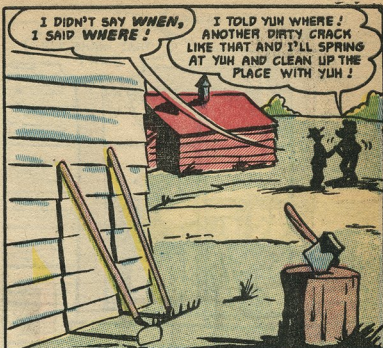
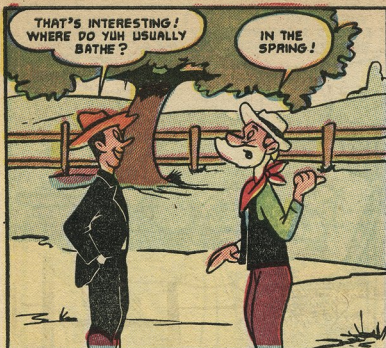
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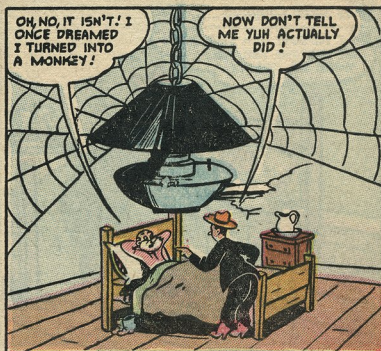
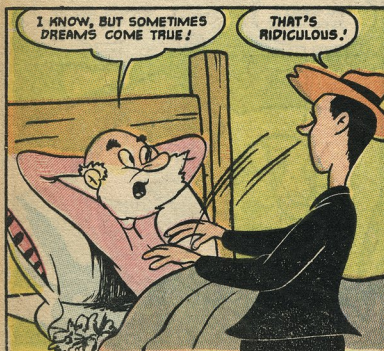
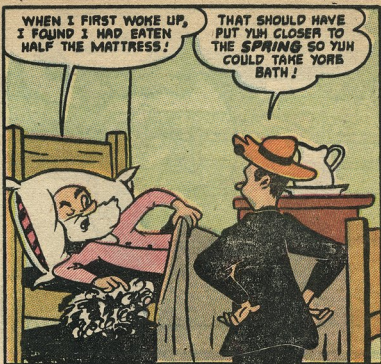
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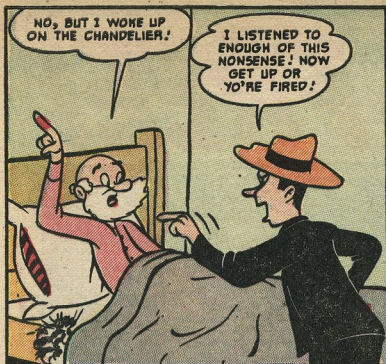
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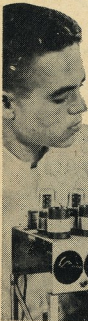
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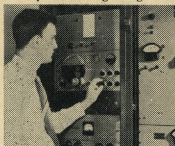
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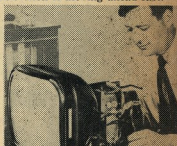
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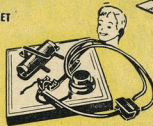
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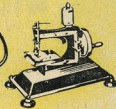
WHITE ZIPPER
BIBLE



UKELELE
WITH ARTHUR
GODFREY PLAYER



CHEMISTRY SET

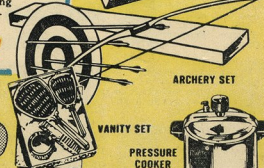


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FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS



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